

A Visioned Encounter With  
the Past Molds Two Young  
Lives, as Told in The Star's  
American Fiction Series.

# THE INDISSOLUBLE BOND

BY SAMUEL  
HOPKINS ADAMS

The Author:  
Samuel Hopkins Adams.  
Born in New York state, and  
can trace his ancestry back to  
two signers of the Declaration  
of Independence.  
He started writing while still  
in college, and when he gradu-  
ated, joined immediately the  
ranks of the journalists in Park  
Row. For ten years he was on  
the New York Sun.  
During that period his stories  
were appearing in every big  
magazine in the country, and  
two of his novels, "The Clarion"  
and "Success," dealt with his  
knowledge of behind-the-scenes  
journalism.  
While he is extremely well  
known for his fiction, he is even  
more famous for his forceful and  
effective campaign against  
fraud, which he engineered  
after he left newspaper work.  
Not only a reconstructionist,  
powerful and far-reaching in  
his manner of presentation, he  
writes as well with great  
delicacy of feeling and a charm-  
ingly romantic touch.  
MARY STEWART CUTTING, Jr.

NINE minutes had passed since  
the tower clock boomed high  
noon. The organist was har-  
moniously killing time. The  
choir were striving to look easy and  
unconcerned. The congregation was  
beginning to rustle and whisper, and  
I was sharing the incipient nervous-  
ness, since, as best I might, it was my  
responsibility to put the wedding  
through without mishap, and the ab-  
sence of the bride was a decided im-  
pediment to my plans. My cousin,  
Chester Lipscomb, who was suppos-  
ably the person most interested, was  
taking it coolly, in that immovably  
self-confident, self-satisfied manner  
of his, as if proceeding upon some su-  
perior assurance that nothing in

which he was concerned could go far  
wrong.  
Well, nothing ever had. That is  
why the match was deemed such a  
good one for Eleanor Jermyn. If I  
maintained my private misgivings  
about mating of the girl's vivid,  
mirthful, adventurous romanticism  
with Chester's solemn rigidity of  
spirit, it was not my business as best  
man to voice them. My business was  
to get that twin safely married.  
At sixteen minutes and six seconds  
(by my stopwatch) past twelve the  
saxon brought me a note which read:  
"Dear Vix: It's all off. I simply  
can't go through with it."  
"NORRIE."

THROUGH the agency of a hastily  
inspired usher, the news was  
gradually disseminated through the  
church that the bridal gown had suf-  
fered a last-minute injury of a ser-  
ious though not necessarily fatal na-  
ture, while I was speed-limiting to  
the Jermyn's house in a car which I  
had commandeered from the end of  
the line. The running board was un-  
suitably decorated with a young man  
whom I had never seen until he at-  
tached himself to it at the moment  
of starting. He was spare and lithe  
and deep-browed by a sun harsher  
than ours, and there was a hard-  
controlled excitement in his curiously  
luminous eyes.

"She isn't coming, is she?" he de-  
manded. Then, reading my expres-  
sion and in a flash of triumph, "I  
knew she wouldn't."

"Where do you come in on this?" I  
retorted.

All the answer that I got, as he  
dropped with sure-footed nonchalance  
from the speeding car, was "I'm



A BOUGH, RIVEN BY THE THUNDERBOLT, FROM THE GREAT ELM-COVERED CALVIN SENNETT'S MOUND.

## Ring Lardner, Fisherman, Advises Isaac "Newtons"

TO THE EDITOR: A letter just  
read from one Chas. B. Hom-  
mann, Jr. of Hartsdale, N. Y.,  
makes the squawk that the  
sporting pages of the newspapers now  
days don't devote hardly any space  
to the sport of fishing and this makes  
it tough on him and a great many  
other young men who are fishing fans  
to use a slang expression because they  
can't get no information in regards to  
fishing, i. e. where to fish, with what  
kind of bait for which kind of fish at  
what time of yr. etc.

Personally they's no doubt but what  
Mr. Hommann and his ilk's has got  
good grounds for their ill tempered  
complaint and I only wished I could  
convince sporting editors of same but  
have found out that a man is only  
wasting their breathe talking to a  
sporting editor as they have a heart  
of stone so about the best I can do  
for Mr. Hommann and his ilk's is ad-  
vice them to buy one of the standard  
books on angling, or fishing as Mr.  
Hommann so aptly terms it, but if  
they object to this advice, on the  
grounds that the most of the books is

ed bass, can most genally always be  
found traveling in male quartets  
amongst the rippling waters of the  
Chautauque.  
For people that lives near down hill  
brooks in the western catch basin,  
there is no easier sport than can be  
found in the pursuit of the golter-  
throated whistie fish. These little fel-  
lows usually succumb to the charms  
of the Wyoming cutie on a No. 37 1/2  
hook. They will also bite at live bait.  
In most of the eastern states the  
beetle-mouth whelf will be found run-  
ning amuck in casual water after the  
first frost. These little fellows fall  
easy prey to such bait as the silver-  
toned prairie dog or the dowagie  
minnow-er.

Ninrods who are not afraid of wet  
feet will find plenty of amusement pur-  
suing the nimble-witted whisp-  
er-snapper in turpid mud puddles. These  
little fellows can be snared with a  
spoon, but in most cases would advice  
the use of a mashe iron.  
This season of the yr. is the Mecca  
through out the middle west for such  
sea-faring fish as the tickle-footed



"SANGLING AS I LEARNT IT IN THE GREAT OUTDOORS, WHERE A GOOD DEAL OF THE BEST FISHING IS DONE."

out of date or too expensive or what  
not, why maybe they would like for  
me to give them a few hints in re-  
gards to the sport which I am glad to  
do and only wished they was space  
enough in these columns to give them  
the whole A. B. C. of angling as I  
learnt it in the great outdoors where  
a good deal of the best fishing is done.

For a man living in N. Y. state and  
a specially in a place like Hartsdale  
to go fishing at the time of yr. it do  
pend a little on what kind of fish he  
wants to fish for where he goes.  
Like for inst. was he a residence of  
Massillon, Ohio, and desired to fish  
for charged water hake, why I would  
have no hesitance in recommending  
him to the turpid waters of old Tus-  
kagee. On the other hand it would  
be little less than fool hardy to send  
him hence was he in search of the  
toothsome herick.

So as I say it is next to impossible  
to set down in this limited space ad-  
vice that will be of service to aspi-  
ring Isaac Newtons in all different  
parts of the country, so will half to  
deal in a few generalities and hope for  
the best results.

Do the best you can is the best any-  
body can do. Is one of my favorite  
slocums.

WELL, then, the collarus morbus  
or common sucker is found  
mostly in rivers that flow backward  
and is amongst the gamest of the fish  
tribe. These little fellows can be be-  
guled on a No. 36 hook with a  
chronic sape worm as bait, but is  
also not immune to the whistles of arti-  
ficial bait and I have know dozens of  
Isaac Newtons to snare them with the  
costly Kalamazoo flapper.

spawn or the spotted shad row. These  
little fellows admires a brass button,  
but can be caught with a hook and  
eye.

THE goggle-eyed swiye is found in  
Iowa, which is a sleeper jump  
from Hartsdale, but well worth the  
trouble. Swiyes genally runs in  
schools. Use a No. 34 hook, and a live  
pig for bait.

The freckled sapadola may be lo-  
cated in the deeper cess pools of the  
great south west, where men are  
men. Use a bamboo pole with a  
double-jointed Amooa bungaster.

Northern New Yorkers can enjoy  
great sport fishing in Cayuga's waters  
for liver-lipped beainers, while across  
the border in Canada is found the  
blue-eyed weakfish so called because  
they get blue-eyed once per yr. Use  
a Duluth grappling hook and a  
bowl of spaghetti.

Habits of fish changes with the yrs.  
Sardines still comes in boxes, but  
they's a great many more pickled  
herrings these days than when light  
wines and beers was on the market.  
That is about all the space which I  
will be allowed to use up on the sub-  
ject, and as I say I only wished they  
was rm for me to tell all I know, as  
I am afraid the few facts I been able  
to set down is hardly sufficient,  
though on the other hand they may  
help a great deal.

In closing will only say that if Mr.  
Hommann had of spent his boyhood  
days in my home town he doubtless  
would have been made the hero of  
the following verse, namely:

Chas. Hommann, Niles, Mich.  
Stuck his nose in a pickle dish.  
Chas. Hommann, Niles, Michigan,  
Stuck his nose in a pickle dish again.  
Great Neck, Long Island, Sept. 15.

at the Pioneers' Club when she wants  
me."

A flustered maid admitted me to  
the house and piloted me to Eleanor's  
room. As I entered a strange ex-  
pectancy died out of the bride's face.  
"Oh! It's only you. Vix. I  
thought—"

"—afterward, I'll give you three  
minutes to be in the car."  
"There isn't going to be any after-  
ward. Go back and get rid of them,  
Vix."

"Oh, yes! Certainly! Just like  
that!" I returned bitterly. "Including  
Chester, I suppose."  
"Especially Chester! I hate him!"  
"A nice time to find it out! What's  
the idea, Norrie?"  
"Nothing," replied the bewildering  
rebel. "I hate him for—oh, just for  
wanting to marry me."

"See here, Norrie Jermyn," said I  
authoritatively. "You can't pull this  
sort of thing just on a hunch of hate.  
You're either going to produce a sane  
reason or you're coming with me now."

"Has it got to be sane?" she answered  
dreamily. "Suppose I were married  
already?"  
"You, Norrie! A secret marriage. I  
don't believe it."

There is a clear honesty about  
Eleanor Jermyn which makes any  
trick, furtive or underhand in her  
attitude toward real things unthink-  
able.  
"No; it isn't marriage exactly. But  
it might as well be. I never could  
get away from it. Never! Not if I  
married Chester a hundred times.  
Was he there at the church?"  
That "he" never meant Chester  
Lipscomb; not in that tone! I appre-

ciated that and answered, before I  
could catch myself:

"Yes."  
A swift radiance intensified the  
loveliness of the bride's face. "Oh,  
Vix! Did he send me a message?"  
Suddenly I felt sorry for our wed-  
ding party. I knew from that "no"  
ment it was a hopeless case. I also  
felt wretched.

"So this is a put-up job," I accused  
her. "Don't you think it's pretty  
raw to—"

"The message; his message!" she  
beaught. Then, as I shook my head,  
she continued: "It wasn't put up. I  
hadn't seen him nor heard from him.  
Not for months. Oh, it's been long."  
There was a heart-wrenching quiver  
in her voice. "Then something told  
me he was here. That's the way it  
happened with us at the first. So I  
knew I couldn't go through with it  
with Chester."

I surrendered. "I'll give you the  
message when I come back," I prom-  
ised.  
"Come soon," she whispered.

A SORT of well-bred social riot fol-  
lowed my return to the church, in  
which the coolest figure was the  
bridegroom. You might know he'd  
take it that way and go off digni-  
fiedly to Japan or Jugoslavia or  
somewhere, which is exactly what he  
did.

When what was left of wilted me  
got back to the Jermyns, Norrie was  
after me instantly.  
"Where is he, Vix?"  
"At the Pioneers. What are you  
going to do about it?"  
"Send for him."  
"To come here? The family will  
love that!"

"The family aren't speaking to me,  
anyway. Can you blame them?"  
"You might at least spare them an  
extra scandal. If he comes here now,  
the reporters, massed outside, will  
catch him and things will be worse  
than before, if possible."

Norrie thought that over, not be-  
lieving wholly beyond reason—yet. "Vix,  
will you be very good to me?"  
"Yes? I'd like to beat you to a fraz-  
zie!"

"You're a dear," was the singular  
interruption she put upon this "I  
want you to go and see him."  
"I don't even know his internal  
name."  
"Calvin Sennett."  
"Which means nothing to me," said  
I, after considering it.

"It means everything in the world to  
me."  
"Oh, dammit, I'll go!" I yielded.  
"I knew you would, dear," she said,  
and she did know. Norrie always  
gets her way. That's the kind she is.

Calvin Sennett received me with a  
matter-of-fact air which did not  
soothe my sense of injury.  
"Since you had to come back," said  
I, "couldn't you have contrived to get  
here earlier?"  
"Sorry," he returned composedly,  
"but I've only just landed."  
"From where?"  
"South America. We were lost in  
the Andes."

"At least you might have sent word  
ahead."  
"I wired yesterday. Her parents  
must have intercepted it."  
"They would," I reflected aloud.  
"Well, what am I here for?"  
"When I tell you, you won't believe  
it," said he, smiling.  
"After today's lunatic performance I

could believe anything," I muttered.  
I did not add that, after that smile,  
I could well understand why Norrie  
couldn't marry Chester Lipscomb.

"The most blessedly sane thing that  
ever happened," he averred. "The  
other would have been the lunacy.  
But it couldn't have happened. Not  
again." He leaned forward to me.  
"Have you ever heard of Scatchers-  
ville?"

"No. Minor geography isn't my  
strong point."  
"Being a Vicker, I thought you  
probably derived from central New  
York. It doesn't matter. Scatchers-  
ville has dropped out of the geo-  
graphies this half century and more.  
It doesn't exist except for the dead.  
That is where Eleanor and I will live  
some day."

"The devil you will!" said I, startled  
by the calm assumption of the an-  
nouncement.  
"Yes, together. The faithful of our  
blood, hers and mine, go back there  
at the last sleep. You'll see that it  
must be so when you know it all."  
And he settled back in his chair and  
spoke.

This is his story, Calvin Sennett's  
and Eleanor Jermyn's.  
\*\*\*\*\*  
THE deserted village lies asleep be-  
side a singing stream. Years and  
long years ago, before it had lost its  
name and faded from the activities  
of men, there were busy mills there,  
a group of sturdy mansions, cottages,  
a church and a brisk street of stores.  
There was labor and ambition and  
love and warm hearthstones, until  
the newly projected railroad turned  
and passed it by. Then its life waned.

## AMERICAN TOURISTS IN ENGLAND FLOCKING TO SULGRAVE MANOR

BY MARGARET B. DOWNING.

THE Sulgrave Institution, founded  
to promote good will and  
understanding between the  
English-speaking peoples, has  
become acutely aware that it pays to  
advertise. Few of the hundreds of  
thousand Americans who are "doing"  
the British Isles this summer fail to  
seek the secluded region to the west  
of Northampton, the seat of the shire.  
There, in the tiny village of Sulgrave,  
may be examined the old monastic  
manor, part of the holdings of the  
Benedictine priory of St. Andrews,  
where, for about sixty years, the  
progenitors of George Washington  
found a home.

The compatriots of the illustrious  
Virginian literally swarm through  
the small hamlet, and overcrowd the  
streets, the Church of St. James and  
the manor house. In the dining hall  
of this last mentioned, above the great  
stone chimney piece, may be seen the  
Washington arms, so clearly indicat-  
ing the suggestion of the "Stars and  
Stripes."

A great brass-bound volume once  
sufficed to contain the signatures of  
the visitors to Sulgrave Manor, but  
this summer after receiving the  
names of Chief Justice and Mrs. Wil-  
liam Howard Taft, Mr. and Mrs.  
James M. Beck and some friends in  
company, this register was dis-  
cretely withdrawn and a set of  
ledgers has been quickly filled, with  
the names of George Washington's  
compatriots.

SULGRAVE, with a population of  
less than four hundred, has now  
taken on the air of a popular resort.  
The venerable "Ye Fox and Hounds  
Inn," though smartened with paint  
and stucco and much enlarged, can-  
not accommodate the eager Ameri-  
cans and a vast number overflow  
into Banbury, where there is a large  
hotel, possibly the successor to the  
one which sheltered the visitors who,  
according to the Mother Goose rhyme,  
"rode a cock horse" to see the won-  
der in Sulgrave. Laurence, the com-  
missioner to Northampton and disperse  
all through the county, where they  
find much to interest them.

In the Church of St. James, the  
American awakens to the knowledge  
that the Washingtons tarried but  
briefly in Sulgrave. Laurence, com-  
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Ancient Foundation in the Village of Sul-  
grave, Northamptonshire, for a Time the  
Residence of George Washington's Ances-  
tors, Is Proving a Mecca for the Patriotic  
During This Present Summer.

ments due on the holding when he  
succeeded his father as head of the  
family, and in 1810 the principal mort-  
gagee, Lawrence Makepeace, acting  
under the owner of the whole, Sir  
Edward Montague, took over the  
property, and the Washingtons  
found shelter in Little Brington,  
about eighteen miles distant, with a  
generous friend, the Earl Robert  
Spencer of Althorp House.

Incidentally Americans visiting the  
Church of St. James, in Sulgrave, are  
placed in possession of a disquieting  
piece of information, namely, that  
originally there were ten brasses on  
the Washington tombs, and that six  
were feloniously abstracted during  
the renovation of the church, some  
twenty years ago. But though the  
aged sexton glowers at the ubiquitous  
citizens of the country which George  
Washington helped to free, it is im-  
possible to believe that any of them  
had part in this vandalism.

The Sulgrave Institution boasts less  
than ten years of actual existence, and  
tourists in numbers are visiting this  
summer. But it is a pity that these  
brasses were stolen, for un-  
doubtedly they contained more exact  
information of the four sons and seven  
daughters than it is now possible to  
obtain.

IN the villages of Great and Little  
Brington, still the patrimony of a  
Spencer, direct descendant of the  
compassionate earl who placed a sub-  
stantial brick residence, known to  
this day as the "Washington house,"  
at the disposal of the evicted family,  
fragrant memories of the great pa-  
triot's people cling. While the Ameri-  
can visitor fully appreciates the  
worthy purposes of the Sulgrave In-  
stitution in restoring and making the  
manor a patriotic pilgrimage spot, it  
is not easy to understand why the  
villages of Brington have been ex-  
cluded from recognition. One excel-  
lent result of the many Americans  
inspection of the place will be to  
enlarge the area of historical re-  
search and seek out the original  
Washington homes in the earliest  
recorded location, namely Wharton,  
a small hamlet of Lancashire.  
Robert Washington died in the  
home secured him by the generous  
Earl Spencer near Althorp House,  
could not meet the modest pay-

ment of the holding when he  
succeeded his father as head of the  
family, and in 1810 the principal mort-  
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as "Nottingham." In leisurely vaca-  
tions of past years, Mr. and Mrs.  
Harding made their pilgrimage to  
Eton, and they learned, some years  
ago, that not only did this picture-  
esque part of England produce the  
immediate ancestors of the great  
patriot, but also, those of the be-  
loved philosopher, statesman, scholar  
and scientist, Benjamin Franklin.  
Now that the life of the chief  
magistrates of the American peo-  
ple an added luster reflects on this  
quiet sylvan shrine of England, until  
recently deemed of the traveler's  
route and not worthy of a passing  
glance.

THE numerous Americans abroad  
see many indications of the ac-  
tivities of the Sulgrave Institution  
and they read of projected ones with  
keen anticipation. Before the cen-  
tury-beater Westminster Abbey,  
which is England's Valhalla, a group  
of Americans, who are all members  
of the Sulgrave Institution, last year  
erected a replica of Saint-Gaudens's  
superb figure of Lincoln. The don-  
ors were Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler,  
Ellihu Root, Henry White and a few  
others. Facsimiles of tablets of Lin-  
coln's Gettysburg speech, which add  
to the memorial in this city have been  
presented by a committee, of which  
Robert T. Lincoln is chairman, and  
Dr. Milo H. Gates and George J.  
Kunz are members, and have been  
placed in Hingham and Birmingham,  
whence came the immigrants of the  
emancipator's family.

The foundation of a lectureship on  
American history is another signal  
achievement of the Sulgrave Insti-  
tution. The lamented Viscount Bryce  
began this series, which has been  
endowed by the gift of \$100,000 by  
Sir George Watson. The Chief Justice  
was to have lectured in Oxford this  
year, in the same series, but his place  
was filled by Dr. Arthur T. Hadley,  
president of Yale. Mr. and Mrs.  
Charles Phelps Taft, charter mem-  
bers of the Sulgrave Institution, about  
six months ago presented the city  
of Manchester with a replica of  
Bernard's head of Lincoln, and the  
members at large have erected  
Houdon's bust of Washington in St.  
Paul's Cathedral and in the town  
hall of Liverpool.

The coming year will see a statue  
of Edmund Burke, eloquent advocate  
of the colonists, before the British  
parliament, erected in a public  
square east of the United States Cap-  
itol Park. The Earl of Chatham will  
be presented in marble to the city  
named in his honor, Pittsburgh, and  
about six months ago presented the  
next few months in a small vil-  
lage near Eton and Sulgrave com-  
memorating the exact spot where the  
ancestors of President Harding were  
living when they sought to improve  
their fortunes in the new world.

The mills crumbled, the cottages  
yielded to the slow encroachment of  
tree and ivy, the mansions and stores  
stood empty and lifeless. But the  
church, with its surrounding grave-  
yard, still maintains itself staunch  
against the years, for the ancient  
blood that built and loved the place  
comes back, by a gentle tradition, to  
bury its dead there, even unto the  
third and fourth generations. Death  
alone gives to the deserted village  
the transitory semblance of life.

Tiger lilies of July were swaying  
over the peaceful graves when the  
stillness was invaded by the stiff,  
mechanical and saturnine panoply of  
a modern burial. The cars in the  
procession had driven out from the  
nearest city to bury old Mark Jermyn  
beside the others of his generation.  
Through the compulsion of family  
loyalty, Eleanor Jermyn, his great-  
niece, had been drawn most unwill-  
ingly from a house party several hun-  
dred miles away, where she had been  
having a highly satisfactory time.  
As she hardly knew Uncle Mark, she  
was feeling decidedly peeved over it.  
But no sooner had she crossed the  
boundary line of the stream which  
divides the deserted village from the  
world of actualities than the spell of  
peace enfolded her. Through the  
soothing cadences of the burial serv-  
ice she stood, half-hypnotized, her face  
at once pliant and dreamy, vivid and  
possessed, in the dappled movement  
of shadows.

It was thus that Sennett first saw  
her.

Was there some signal that passed  
from him to her, at once occult and  
compelling, drawing her gaze to the  
spot in the far corner of the church-  
yard where he sat leaning against  
the bole of a giant elm. She answer-  
ed that long, immovable look of his  
with the unconscious response of  
widened eyes and parted lips of won-  
dering. And after the last motor car  
had lurched across the bridge at the  
close of the ceremony she remained,  
making the excuse to her family that  
she was tired and wanted to be alone  
for a while—they could send for her  
later. She stood studying, with an  
eerie feeling of disembodiment, her  
own name carved in the gray stone  
of a tall monument in the Jermyn  
plot.

"Eleanor Jermyn, wife of Samuel  
Jermyn; born, 1827; died, 1867."  
Beneath it that trust of invincible  
faith, "Whether thou goest, I will go;  
thy people shall be my people, and  
thy God my God."

Opposite stood the headstone of  
Samuel Jermyn, dead three years be-  
fore his wife.

His voice spoke quietly close behind  
the living Eleanor Jermyn: "That  
pledge was not for him."  
"Not for Samuel Jermyn?" she  
queried. It seemed quite in keeping  
with the place and the spell that  
the voice of the stranger who had silent-  
ly bidden her to stay should be tell-  
ing her secret thoughts of the past.  
"You mustn't think it was for him,"  
insisted the voice.

"How strangely you say that! As  
if you were angry or jealous."  
"Jealous? Perhaps I am. Do you  
want to know the rest?"  
She followed him to the corner un-  
der the elm, where he silently pointed  
out another stone inscribed:

"Calvin Sennett, born 1822, died  
1859. 'Where thou diest, will I die,  
and there will I be buried.'"  
There, then, was the clue to the  
dead; she sought the clue to the liv-  
ing. "Did you come to the funeral?"  
"Not your funeral. Mine." Both  
laughed at the implication and the  
tenacity was for the moment relaxed.  
My grandmother's. She was buried  
three days ago. All of us Sennetts  
come back here. It's in my great-  
grandfather's will that we shall."

"And all of us Jermyns. I'm  
Eleanor Jermyn."  
He nodded. "Of course. You had  
to be."

"Did I? Why?"  
"That's what has kept me here  
waiting, when I should be home  
packing up for the interior of Brazil.  
I knew there was something telling  
me to wait, but I didn't know what  
until I saw you."

"Don't be absurd," she chided him.  
But there was a tone of expan-  
sion, of acceptance, of suspense in her  
voice.

"Do I go too fast? I suppose I do.  
But you see, I've waited so long."  
"So long? Three days by your own  
count."

"Seventy-five years," he retorted  
with a gentle but inflexible assurance.  
"You talk like a ghost."  
"Perhaps I am. Past ghost, at least.  
Aren't you? Aren't we all?"

"Ghosts of past lives?" she queried  
thoughtfully. "Like those lying here  
about us? Tell me about them."  
"I know only a little about those  
two—the only two that matter to us  
two. My great-grandfather, Calvin  
Sennett, left here when he was a  
young man and went to the Mexican  
war. He never came back alive. He  
married my great-grandmother in the  
south years later."

His romance stronger than his  
marriage that drew him back here,  
and all of us after him. I never  
knew what it was until, at grand-  
mother's funeral last week, I read  
the inscription on your headstone."

"I wish you wouldn't call it mine,"  
she protested. "It gives me such an  
uncanny feeling. The whole thing is  
uncanny."  
"Uncanny?" he repeated in a low  
voice. "Oh, no. Eleanor. Not un-  
canny. It's—it's almost holy."

"That's worse," she complained. "I  
don't think you're a pleasant com-  
panion for a graveyard at all. And  
I've got to go, anyway. There's a  
frightful storm coming up."  
"Too late to get away," said he,  
as a few slow, heavy raindrops sound-  
ed crisp on the leaves overhead  
through the stillness. "Come to the  
church."

The first flash seemed almost to  
overtake them as they ran for shel-  
ter deep in the portico, gaining it just  
as the rain whelmed everything in  
soothing gray.

Then a million tons of light crashed  
down upon them from the ruined roof  
of heaven and the two cowering  
figures, merged in the shock of that  
portent, lay still.

The man voice said: "Eleanor! My  
beloved!"  
Keen with dread and pain the  
woman voice cried: "Why did you  
come back?"  
"To claim you before the world."  
"You come too late."  
"Between us two no time can be  
too late."